MARVEL
ULTIMATE
SPIDER-MAN
2
HICKMAN
CHECCHETTO | WILSON

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Twenty years ago, **THE MAKER** prevented a radioactive spider from biting a young **PETER PARKER**. He likewise prevented the creation of any other super heroes and formed a secret council to rule the world from the shadows.

In a quest to free the world from **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL**, **TONY STARK** sent Peter—now a married father of two—a package containing the same radioactive spider and a picotech suit.

After watching his uncle, **BEN PARKER**, and mentor **J. JONAH JAMESON** leave the *Daily Bugle* over pressure from the *Bugle's* owner, **WILSON FISK**, to control the news cycle, Peter felt called to action and let the spider bite him…

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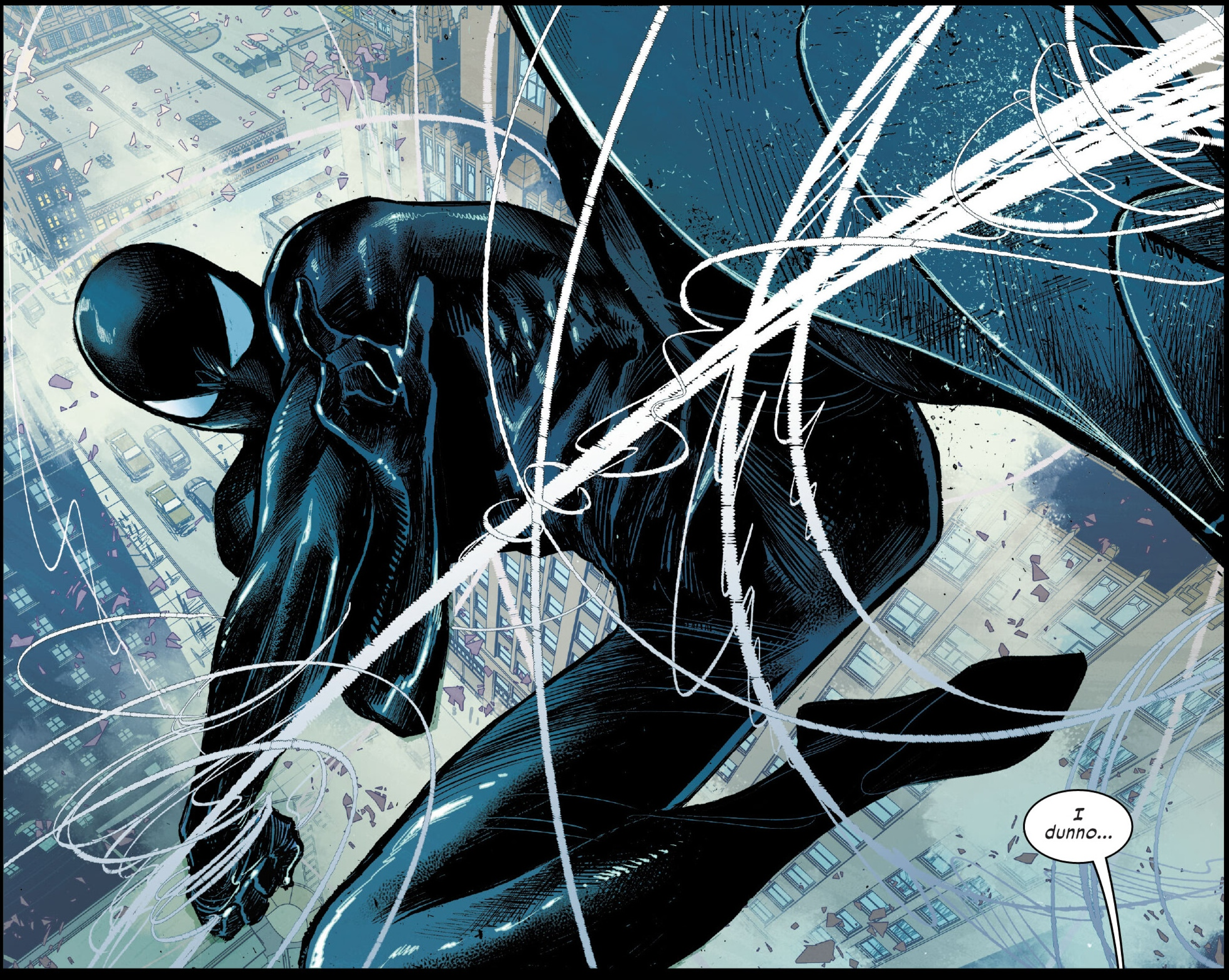
FEBRUARY



...I don't think it's real.
Of course it's real! I'm looking at it!
That's actually not... May, that doesn't mean it's real. It's easy to fake stuff like this.
It's CGI. Photoshop. Whatever.
Dad, Richard says this isn't real. What do you think?
Well. I remember when you used to think unicorns were real, and--
Unicorns are real.
Right. Exactly. So why do you care what he thinks?
Because...
...this guy is scary, and I don't like it.
Oh. Well, in that case...
...I'd trust your brother, kiddo. He's pretty smart...
...I'm sure it's nothing to be scared of.
What are we scared of?
Photoshop.
Tell me about it.

Okay, guys... I gotta run. New client meetings at 10 and 2:30.
The sitter should be here in an hour. But you know how she is, *could be longer.*
Not a problem, MJ. I've got it covered.
Great.
Call me if you need me?
Will do. And hey, good luck.
Thanks.
...
Hey, Peter?
Yeah?
...
Have you been working out?
...
Maybe a little.

I don't want to be dramatic or anything...
But over the past few weeks, I've changed. *A lot.*
Along with an increased appetite (seriously, I'm eating like 10,000 calories a day) and a decreased need for sleep, I've become--*and I honestly don't know how else to describe it beyond being, well*--sticky.
And that's not all...
I'm also *strong.*
Really strong.
And I'm super agile. My reaction times and understanding of spatial awareness are off the charts.
But I do have one problem...

CRASH
After two weeks of practice, I'm still not great at stopping.
Which does have a little something to do with the final change I've noticed about myself:
I can take a *beating.*
A serious beating.
...
Could come in handy.

RUSSIAN TURKISH BATHS SINCE 1918
You wanna hear something crazy, Ben?
Hmmm?
I was thinking about it, and I've had a cup of coffee for breakfast every day for the past... *has to be,* twenty-five years.
Yeah?
Yeah. No apple juice--
No orange juice. No plain glass of water. And nothing to eat. Just coffee. For twenty-five years.
Sure. Because you're not five.
Do you think it's possible-- *is there any chance--* that it's bad for me?
If I say yes, are you going to stop?
Of course not.
Then no, Jonah, I don't think it's bad for you.
I knew it.
So, I think I've got something...

Yeah?
There was another attempt on Fisk last night.
Go on...
This time, it came from *inside* the building.
They say that place is like a black hole. Nothing escapes it. No light, no sound...
Yeah.
So how'd you manage to hear about it?
Big explosions. Building codes. Someone inside lost their nerve-- *hit the panic button.* Whatever. A call went out, and the cops showed up. One of the first responders owed me a favor.
Oh, I do love it when people owe us a favor.
Fisk's security ended up keeping the police away from the actual scene, but they did get into the building and got a look at the security footage.
So that's, what? Three attempts in three weeks?
That we know of.
And it's the same guy?
Unless there is more than one lunatic flying around in green armor blowing stuff up, *yeah.*
Same guy.

Well. That shows some serious determination.
Or a serious vendetta.
Think we're gonna read about it in the Bugle?
You mean, will the dirty money behind the paper let the paper do a story about the dirty goings-on of said dirty money?
I tell ya, I'm shocked, Ben. Shocked to report there's no reporting going on here.
You see what they did run today?
A weirdo in a black suit swinging through the city? Yeah, I saw it.
Helluva picture by Peter, by the way.
Yeah.
So why didn't he give it to us?
Because, technically, we're not open yet.
There's also the small matter of him not working for us.
And he never will if he keeps that up.

So. We got two guys in masks and no one knows who they are.
One gets the front page. The other gets buried.
That's right.
One's a *distraction.* The other's a *story.*
Wanna get to work?
Yes, I do.
...
We still need a name.
I know.
I'm working on it.

So here's an existential question:
If the life you had stolen from you twenty years ago was suddenly given back to you...
...are you obligated to try and relive some version of it?
Because if you did feel like you had to relive that life, wouldn't you just be twenty years behind the curve for... forever or something like that?
Stick the landing. Stick the landing...
I mean, I'm a smart guy, but I have no idea what I'm supposed to do now.
The world is different. I'm different.
Woof.
I did it. Nice.
If only there was a sign.
Huh?

ZZZZRRNNNNNN
Let me guess. Lost your keys?...
Hrrk!
Got accidentally locked on the roof?...
Orrrr, are you maybe trying to break into the bank below?
...
What are you supposed to be?
Hrmpt! It's amazing that you asked me that, because I was just having that same discussion with myself.
What?
You know, what am I supposed to be? I'll admit, I'm struggling with it, but, well, I saw you and what you were doing...
...and I'm pretty sure I'm supposed to be the guy who stops people like you.
Ever done anything like that before?

...
No. First time.
Well, you're a natural at it.
Pfft.
Thanks.
You're welcome.
So I guess I'll go home now. Clearly, whatever I had planned was...*wrong*, and I'd like to thank you for stopping me before I did something I'd regret.
Wait. Seriously?
Yes. **Seriously.**
I didn't want to do this-- I'm just desperate. But there's always another way, right? So I want to thank you for what you've done here today. For stopping me.
I owe you.
Sure. Anytime...
Mister...?

Just call me the Shocker!
ZZAK
Owww.

Later.
I can't believe I fell for that.
"Let's be friends..."
Idiot.
...

Sniff.
Sniff.
Oh boy.
Sob!
May! Oh god, *sshhh!* It's me.
It's okay, it's Dad.
Dad?
Yeah.
DAD?!
Sshhh! *Yes!* It's just me, May.
Why are you dressed like *that guy?*
...
What if I told you he dresses like me?
What?

I *am* that guy, May. I got bit by this special spider and it gave me powers and--
Sure...
You got bit by a magic spider?
Which is why you never have to be afraid of him. The costume. Me.
I'm sorry I scared you. C'mere.
Sniff. *Sniff.*
Are you still crying?
No. You smell bad.
That's because I was in a dumpster.
Mom's gonna be mad.
I'm gonna take a shower.
That's not what I mean.
I know. I'd planned on telling her, but not just yet...
What do you say we wait and tell her and Richard later? For now--*just for a little while*--this'll be our little secret. Deal?
Maybe.
Can I bribe you with some ice cream?
Yes. But, Dad...
Yeah?
I still don't like the costume.
Maybe we can do something about that too.

What is this?
DAILY BUGLE
AMAZING
A distraction, Monsieur Britain.
And what, exactly, do you need that for?
I am currently... under siege by some mask-wearing vigilante.
It has been very public-- *and very loud*--and it serves us to eclipse that noise with an even louder one.
So I am giving the people a better story to follow.
Non, non...
That's not the game being played, Mister Fisk.
The game being played is: ***Give them nothing, and make them like it.***

And as for what "serves us"...
You serve us. Myself and my fellow partners.
We have divided this world amongst us. And after that, we have divided it further and gifted people like you your little kingdoms...
And so you get to play king, Mister Fisk, for as long as you can hold on to your kingdom.
This is not some normal man who plays by the normal rules. He is powerful. Maybe more powerful than *you* imagined...
...but not me. I see the full measure of my land and the full measure of the enemy at my walls.
Because I do not play king. ***I am one.***
Then act like it.
You have been given great resources...
...I suggest you use them.

Later.
Today
Hey. How's it going?
Oh, you know...
Normal.
Almost home?
No. Still working.
Everything all right?
Yeah. Just something I didn't finish yesterday that needs taking care of. So I might be late.
Don't feel like you have to wait up. You need your sleep.
Sleep? What's that?

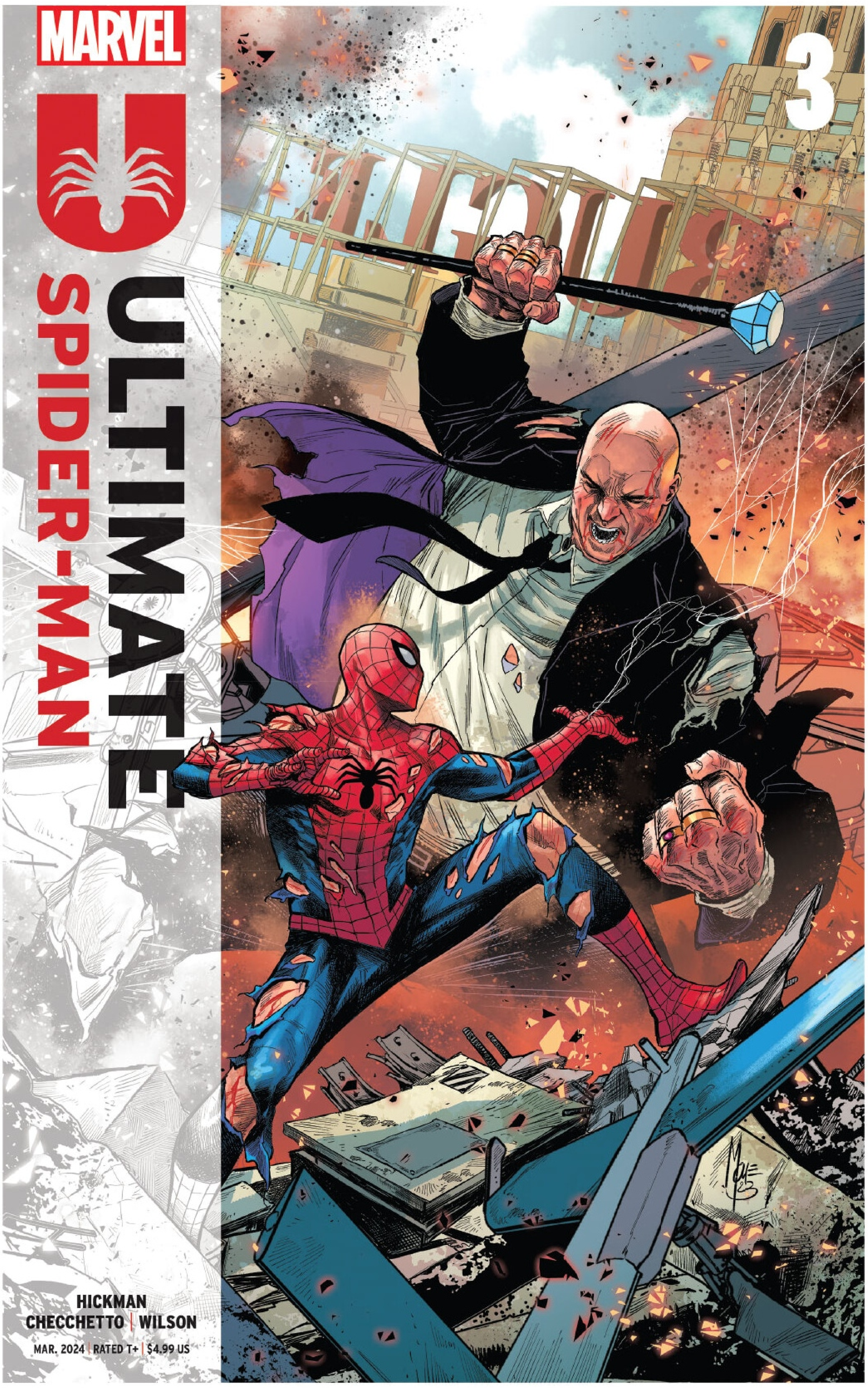
Bingo.
Hey there.
Fancy us running into each other *again.*
Hrmm. Yeah. How's that happen?
You know what they call something that someone does at the same time every single day, right?
A *habit.*
And you got some ***bad habits,*** mister.
Yeah, well...
Who doesn't?

Good try...
ACCKK!
...but not good enough.
Who... are... you???
Oh, come on. We've covered this already...
WWHHUFFFFF!!!

I'm the guy who stops people like you.
-Kaff!- -Kaff!-
I think you broke my ribs.
Sorry about that. Don't know my own strength.
My wife...
It's my wife...she's dying. We don't have money...and so we can't pay for the treatments she needs.
She needs this. So I don't have any other choice.
What would you do if you were in my shoes?
Oh, I... I'm...I'm sorry. I can't imagine what that must--
Wait, is that true?
What do you think?
Oh man...
Not again.
ZZZZAKKKKKKK

Later.
So, in the last few days, I've not only managed to get my butt kicked. Twice. But I also accidentally revealed my secret identity to my kid.
Worse than that...I scared her.
Not good, Peter. Not good at all.
Face it. You might not be cut out for this...
Dad,
I drew a picture of your spider.
I hope you like it.
You're the best!
Love, May
...or maybe I'll give it one more day.
TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT



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